IN THE OLD DAYS.

Deer Grandmanima sighed As she slowly united a packet we found in the loft; The paper was cluish. The words were too foolish, e sentiments, we thought, were soft.

Now, if our dear Granny

New, it our dear Granny.
Were young, like our Fanny,
no lingered last night at the gate,
It would not seem queer
To be called "love" and "dear."
d "prithee, sweet, tell me my fate."

But it sounded so silly Te sign. Your sweet Willie." Yhe worships the cround at your feet." Now Grandpa takes small And thinks it enough doze, in the wan in his sent.

When Grandins was young
Her praises were sung
By raptureous lovers a score;
I wash 'twas the fashion
To record the blind passion
In verses of tweaty or more.

Then pen, ink and paper, Some wax and a taper, ere all the expenses incurred; Nose, costly bouquets, Drives, operas. plays,
And "scats in the parquette preferred.

Then, old-fushioned ways,

unets by messenger sent; cat meant for one, A seat me And all without costing a cent

MY FIRST CIGAR.

Reasons That Determined Me To Let It Be My Last.

"Go and buy a cigar." Mr. Nimon was a carpenter employed in building a warehouse for grain-ship-pers at Wyckles, a little station on the Wabash railway, in Central Illinois, and, as he spoke, he handed me a five-cent

My parents lived at Wyckles. I was the youngest of four sons, and was ten years old at the time-just the right age to think it smart to step around with a

cigar between my teeth.

I had always been a favorite with Mr. Nimon, and I suppose he thought he was doing the right thing when he told thought the attractions of "gum-drops" and "taffy-on-a-stick" would be too much for me and I would lay out the nickel in those luxuries instead of buying a cigar with it. But, if such were his thoughts, he was mistaken, for I took the nickel. and, marching into a store near by, kept by a cripple named Bradshaw, planked it down upon the counter and asked for

sailing me.
The store-keeper gave me a quizzical me some very dark and ominous-looking

Had I been an experienced smoker and judge of cigars, I would have known hat the ones before me were particularly dangerous specimens, but I wasn't, and did'nt, and so, in blissful unconcious-ness of what was before me, I selected one of the noisome weeds, bit off the end Cox, in Yankee Biade. (as I had seen men do), and then light ing it, stuck it in my mouth and strutted out of the store with my head thrown back and chest expanded, puffing away like one to the manner born.

Had I seen the amused smile upon Bradshaw's face as I left his store, my suspicions might have been aroused, but I didn't see it, and so continued to step for the eighr tasted horrible, and made me have a queer sensation in the region of my ston ach-that I was every inch a

But this state of affairs lasted but a short time. Had I taken the trouble to look at myself in a mirror after five minutes at that cigar, I would have no-poon the dirt floor, which serves as a ticed an unusual pallor to my face, and a whiteness about my lips foreign to them in a normal state. And my stomach! from a simple state of sickness it had broken out in open rebellion, and the war which was waged between the le-pea, will constitute your repast of solids. war which was waged between the le-gitimate contents of said stomach and the polary sails and bit of tales. The fruit, without which no Mexican which I had unwittingly swallowed was nwful while it lasted, and it lasted quite

long enough to suit me, I assure you. Needless to say, perhaps, the tobacco

and wretched I did feel:—not a bit like a man now—and thinking I would keep quiet for awhile, until I felt better I crawled under one of the cars and laid down beside the rails. How it happened that I went to sleep I do not know. Perhaps it was induced by my particular weak state, both mentally and physically, at that time; but, be that as it which looks like gin, harmless enough may, certain it is that I had not lain to all appearances, but which goes down

How long I slept I do not know, but I was suddenly awakened by a queer, grinding, gliding noise, accompanied by a regular click-click! click-click! derived from the same source, b

occasioned the queer noise, I would have known what made it:

The cars under which I was lying were moving, and at a speed which would have made it dangerous for me to have attempted to spring out between the wheels, even if I had been on my feet, braced, ready for the leap.

But I wasn't. I was lying flat upon

my back upon the thin layer of earth which covered the crossties, between the rails, and to attempt to regain my feet would have been suicidal, for the trucks of the cars would have knocked me down and I would have been run over by the big iron wheels and killed.

to do I did not know. I was frightened, almost paralyzed with fear, and it was found that the surfa species of fascination the rapidly revolv-ing wheels and listening to their click-superficial decomposition of lower beds,

power, where was the engine?

about two hundred feet above the level of the Twiunge valley. The cre is hermatite peroxide of iron.—N. Y. Sun.

I was paralyzed with borror.

nster, and is invariably only about sufficient pains."-Merchant Traveler.

six inches from the rails. It would be impossible for it to pass over the body of a child, much less that of a good-

sized boy, without mangling, scraping and tearing it to pieces. I realized this with a chill of terror, but what to do I could not think. It really seemed as if there was nothing I could do—that I had no choice in the matter, but would be forced to lie there and be mangled-scraped-torn to piece beneath that awful ash-pan, and I invol-

intarily closed my eyes and shuddered. The cars were moving at a rapid rate of speed now, and as my eyes came open again, the rear end of the first of the two remaining cars was just passing

The forward end of the last car pas rapidly, and the other end approached. It would be followed by the tender. then the engine, under which was the ash-pan, which would mangle my poor

body in another moment.

The horrible thought nerved me to desperation, and, as the end of the car reached me. I threw up my hands and clutched the rapidly-moving trucks with

a grip made trebly strong by terror.

I was jerked with such suddenness and force that my arms were nearly pulled out of their sockets, but I held on with an energy born of despair, and was dragged along with the car, my feet thumping against the ties at a rate their heel-taps if not my feet of the shoes themselves

But I retained my hold. To lose my grasp and fall upon the track would be certain death—death in a particularly horrible form, and I shuddered and gripped the trucks with renewed en-

rgy. As onward I was dragged, I made at tempts to draw myself up upon the trucks, but it was beyond my power and could only grip them tighter and wait.

Would the cars never stop? Onward and still onward I wa dragged, across two cattle-guards, where wagon-road crossed the railroad, and or fifty yards farther, when just as I was on the point of having to let go my Nimon, and I suppose he thought he was doing the right thing when he told retain my grasp a moment longer—I nome to buy a cigar, or, he may have ticed that the speed of the cars was di-

minishing.
Little by little they slackened up, slower and slower they moved, but not until they had come to a dead stand-still did I dare let go my hold and crawl out from under the car.

This I did and then sank upon the ground beside the railroad track, utterly unnerved-almost fainting. And my a cigar with as indifferent an air as I arms and legs, how sore they were! It could assume, with the doubts of my was two weeks at least, before they reability to conquer the weed already as- turn to any thing like their normal con-

The train took the cars-which were look, reached for a box, hesitated for a loaded with shelled corn—away with it, moment, and then took down another.

Throwing the lid back, he set before and saw the old red caboose disappear around the curve in the deep cut a ter of a mile to the east of the little station of Wyckles, I thought, with a shudder, of the narrow escape which I had bad from a horrible death, and I registered a vow to never, never again touch

And I have kept my vow .- S. A. D.

THE USEFUL CACTUS. Without It the Average Mexican Would

Lead a Sorry Existence. The remark has been made that "the cactus has many good points and will not be sat down upon." The remark is a true one, for, as is the reindeer to the round with the cigar between my teeth.

Laplander, so is the cactus to the poor feeling, or rather, endeavoring to feel—

Mexican. It furnishes him with a home, such as it is. His food in many ways is prepared from the cactus. Sit down to a meal in a wretched Mexican jacal, and

if you do not wish to spread your length upon the floor, you will be offered a small wicker stool made from the tough upon the dirt floor, which serves as a table, is woven from the same material. Corn-meal cakes (tortillas), boiled beans, great fat fellows, and a pleasant and wholesome dish of stewed cactus cut

the poisonous saliva and bits of tobacco meal is complete, will be the luscious tuna, which grows around the edges of the prickly leaves of the cactus, and long enough to suit me, I assure you.

Needless to say, perhaps, the tobacco conquered, and around behind some cars which were standing on the sidetrack—where I had gone as quickly as a swimming head and staggering footsteps the tender edges of the leaves. In a ming head and staggering footsteps would let me—I was speedily relieved of both contending forces.

the tender edges of the leaves. In the tender edges of the leaves. In the dulce will be the preserved roots or the dulce will be the preserved roots or leaves of this same cactus.

Though the Mexican people are not race of hard drinkers, yet at meal times the wine or other fermented liquors are inevitable, and, as the lower class of Mexicans can not well afford wine, you are invited to partake once more of this much abused exctus, this time in the form of tequila, a most atrocious drink, there ten minutes before I was asleep, your throat like a wave of fire, and a few glasses of which will make you drunk clear to your finger tips. Should this prove too much for you, you are at derived from the same source, but not I knew the sound only too well, and quite as ardent, i. e., mescal. This liquid leaves a delicate suggestion of tar and red pepper in your mouth, and, if drunk after eating a certain kind of do-mestic fruit, it is very dangerous, and in many cases results very disastrously for the imbiber.-Mexico Letter.

Upper Burmah's Magnetic Rock.

In a recent report on magnetic rock among the hills of Upper Burmah, Dr Noetling describes a mountain or hill at Singaung which consists of a huge mas of iron ore. Having noticed on the way numerous pieces of iron ore, which be came still more frequent on the south-ern side of the hill, an examination was rame still n made of the latter in various directions and I lay motionless, watching with a everywhere covered with huge blocks of species of fascination the rapidly revolv. iron ore, originating evidently from the blick! click-click! as they crossed the joints where the ends of the rails came together.

leading to the conclusion that the whole hill must consist of a large mass of the ore. Dr. N. was unable, however, to as-Then a terrible thought struck me: certain the geological conditions under the cars could not move without motive which this ore occurs, or its exact limits or extensions, on account of the dense There was about a foot of space be-tween my body and the trucks of the cars, and I cautiously raised my head a triffe and glanced down along my body that the hill covers at least an area of the cars. in the direction from which the cars were coming.

I was paralyzed with horror for a mo-ment. The ash-pan on all locomotive engines is beneath the body of the at his work, provided it is done with

HONEST CARL DUNDER.

The Old Fellow Is Catching On to Am-ican Ways at Last. "Hello! Mr. Dunder!" saluted Sergeant

Bendall as that individual entered the Central station, with a broad, satisfied smile on his countenan "Hello! Sergeant. Vhas eaferythings all right mit you?"

You look happy." "Sergeant, I vhas shust like sweet oil. No more troubles for me. I vhas catch-

ing on to do shust like Americans."
"I am glad of that. You used to b terribly green." "So I vhas. Three months ago I doan

know some beans in a bag. Ha! ha!
Der cows come along und take me for
some grass. If it rains I shtandt right
out doors und get wet. Ha! ha! It
makes me laugh when I see how green I 'Anything happened lately?" queried

the sergeant, in a careless way.
"Vhell, not mooch. Some fellers try
to beat me, but dey doan' make oudt. I vhas too sharp for 'em. One feller comlong mit six pairs of sheep-shears in a bundle. He doan' want to sell dos shears, but he likes to borrow three dol-lars for one day und leaf 'em for secur-ity. If he doan' come pack in one day dose shears vhas mine."

"He doan' come pack. Maype he break his leg or something, but dot vhas nothing to me. I keep dose shears. If omepody beats me, sergeant, he shall haf to get oop werry early in der morn

"I presume so. Have you the shear

"I haf. I belief you like to see 'em. "They are worth two shillings a pair, said the sergeant, after an inspection You are out of pocket fourteen shill ings, and what do you expect to do with

"Heafens! I doan' think of dot! gasped Mr. Dunder as he grew white in

"Any thing else?"
"Vhell, I get my life insured. I doan belief I vhas sheated by dot. A feller comes along und says vhas I Carl Durder? I vhas. Vhell, der President of der United States says he likes me to call on you and insure your life. Dis yhas a new company und a new idea. I let you in by der ground floor. I like your name to influence odder people. " 'How vhas dot new idea?"

"You pay only two dollars eafery twenty years, and if you die your wife gets \$75,000. It vhas der biggest thing out. Shildrens cry for it. Wanderbilt Shay Gould, Russell Sage und all der big fellows vhas into it. How oldt you vhas-who vhas your grandmother-hov many teeth have you lost oudt-vhar you eafer bit by some dogs-did you eafer own a white horse-how often you fall down stairs-do you ride on sor cles, und dis vhas der truth, der w iole truth, und nothing but der truth.'

"And he wanted the two dollars in ad-vance?" queried the sergeant.

"Of course. Dot was to pay for shwearing me." "Well, you are beaten again, Mr. Dunder. Insurance men don't do business that way. Good day!"

"How you mean? "You had better go home. Have you tub in your house?"

"Of course "Any bran at the barn?"

"Well, make the tub about half full of mash and then put your head to soak for about forty-eight hours. When through buy some No. 4 sand-paper and polish it down to the hope " Sergeant, vhas I some greenhorns?

"Vhill I eafer learn somethings?"

"Then, good-bye! I shan't try no more. It whas a queer country, und nothing whas der same two times alike. Vhen my body was brought in here doan make fun of it. Shust use it shent-iy und say dot I did so well ash I could." -Detroit Free Press.

CHUGWATER'S MISTAKE.

How the Growling Old Gentleman Put His Foot in It. Mr. Chugwater (growling)-Samantha, that young Snodgers comes to this house

sort of a young man. I have no objections to his coming.

Mr. Chugwater (raising his voice)—

want him about this house!

Mrs. Chugwater (placidly)-Idon't see what business it is of yours, Mr. Chug— Mr. Chugwater (rising to his feet and bringing his fist down on the table)don't see what business it is of mine? Why, good heavens, madam! Ain't I the head of this family?

Mrs. Chugwater (mildly)-I suppos you consider yourself such. Mr. Chugwater (in a towering race). I certainly do, madam! And if I say that giggling simpleton of a Snodger isn't the kind of a man I want for a so in-law it goes. Mrs. Chugwater! It goes in this family!

Mrs. Chugwater (sweetly)—It won't go this time, Josiah. Mr. Chugwater (frantically and at the top of his voice)—You'll see madam Tell me which one of the girls he comes

to see! Deceive me if you dare, Mrs. Chugwater! Which is the one Mrs. Chugwater (pleasantly)— He omes to see the hired girl, Josiah. Mr. Chugwater takes a large chew of plug tobacco and goes down-town with his hat pulled over his eyes.)-Chicago

A Slip of the Tongue

Mamma-Why, Harry St. Clair, Vot maughty, naughty boy! I heard you tell your little brother just now, that you'd "knock him into the middle of next eek" if he didn't sit over on the What do you mean by using such lan uage; Harry—I—I—er — I meant to say please sit over," but my tongue

slipped.—Time.

The Force of Habit. On the day before the execution the reeper informs a doomed man that a visitor wishes to see him.

"Well, just ask him if he wants to collect a bill, and if he does, tell him to call day after to-morrow."—Texas Sift-

"Do you know who he is?" asks the

-A most distinguished statistician has discovered that the wars of the last thirty-five years on the face of the globe cost 2,253,000 lives, exclusive of mortality from sickness. The three most destructive wars were, our civil war, loss to both sides 800,000, the Crimean war, 150,000 and the Turco-Russian war, 250,

OUR YOUNG READERS.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Did you ever happen to think, when dark Lights up the lamp outside the pane, And you look through the glass on that wor

And you see the third where the witches are making their tea in the rain,
Of the great procession that says its prayers
All the world over, and climbs the stairs,
And goes to a wonderland of dreams.
Where nothing at all is just what it seems,

All the wor'd over at 8 o'clock, Sad and sorrowful, glad and gay, These with their eyes as bright as dawn, Those almost asleep on the way. Those almost asleep on the way, This one capering, that one cross,

Pinited tresses, or curiling floss Slowly the long procession strea Up to the wonderland of dreat Far m the islands of the sea

The great procession takes up its way, Where, throwing their faded flowerdown,
Little savages tire of play:
Though they have no stairs to climb at all,
And go to sleep wherever they fail.
By the sea's soft song and the stars' sof

They are off to the wonderland of dreams.

Then the almond lids of the Tartar boy Druplike a leaf at the close of day: And her mat is pleasant as clouds of down To the tawny child of the Himalay: And the lad on the howstop at Ispahan Sees night, while the rose-breaths around his

fan, Lead up from the desert his starry teams And mount to the wonderland of dreams

Still westward the gentle shadow steals, And touches the head of the Russian male And the Viking's sons leave wrestle and les And Gretchen loosens her yellow braid, And Bess and Arthur follow along.

And sweet Movourneen at evening song. All mingling the morrow's hopes and schem With those of the wonderland of dreams.

The round world over, with dark and dew, The children's prayers and the eve

It climbs the slopes of the far Azorea.
At last it reaches our western shores.
And where can it go at these extremes
But into the wonderland of dreams. Hurrying, scampering, lingering, slow, Ah what a patter of little feet!

Eyelids heavy as flowers with bees, Was ever any thing half so sweet? Out of the tender evening blue— I do not believe it has come for you To be off in the wonderland of dre Where nothing at all is just what it seems
-Harriet Prescott Spefford, in St. Nicholas

A HIGH MARK.

The Carved Name and the Lesson Fells Learned From His Grandfather, "What are you doing. Felix?" "I'm cutting my name up he

grandfather." "Pretty hard work, isn't it?"
"Oh, not so very." Felix puffed little as he spoke and turned a very red face towards his grandfather.

He was carving his name on the bark of a large elm. He had been anxious to place it high up, and in order to do so was clasping his legs around the lowest branch of the tree and hanging down to do his cutting. It is very likely that if he had been set to it as a task he would have thought it a hard one and himself a very ill-used boy.

"I'm 'most done," he added, as he rounded a period and then, holding by his hands and letting go with his feet jumped to the ground. "You see, grandfather. I wanted to cut it away up there and I couldn't reach any other way without a step-ladder, and it was so far to bring it."

"I see," said grandfather. "It's my name and the date to-day. I cut it because it's my birthday and because you gave me this new pocket-

"Are you always going to make high mark as you go a ong?" "Well," said Felix, not quite under standing the question; "I don't expect

to cut my name on many trees. In the "No, I suppose not; but whereve you go, my boy, you are sure to leave a mark of some kind. All through your school life you will leave it. It will be on the books that a boy of your name was there and left his record either high or low. But you will write a far clearer record on the hearts of all those who may be about you. Your compan gether too often to suit me.
rs. Chugwater—He's a decent, civil for good or evil. And this influence will last far longer than the name and

"Will this last very long?" asked Felix, looking up at his letters and fig-

"Come here," said grandfather. Felix followed as he walked around to the other side of the tree. He looked closely at some marks on the bark to which his grandfather pointed. "Why," he said, "that's your name, randfather, and eighteen hundred and thirty-six. That's more than fifty years

"Yes," said grandfather, "I cut those when I was not much elder than you are to-day."

"Fifty years!" Felix looked in awe at these letters which had been cut child to his mother and father. The such a very, very long time ago, as it other was to lead the dog to a baker's seemed to him. "And will my name shop, where he was fed on cakes and stay here for fifty years?"

"I suppose so, unless the tree is cut down. Every time you come back to the old place you will come here and of children were playing on the for fifty years you will still find it here. Your hair will be gray then"-grandfather caresssingly laid his hand on the curly brown head—"and I shall be ly-ing over there on the hillside," he they give me nothing to eat

"But I shan't want to come here of the water to-day." then, grandfather," said Felix, with

tears very near his eyes.

"O yes, you will. You will have and gave her a gentle push into the other things to interest you then, as it water. Then he sprang in after her, is right you should have. And I am and gravely brought her to the shore. trusting, Felix. that you will have been making such high marks all along that | candles again. it will be a pleasure for you to come here and see the letters you cut so long ego and to be able to think within

yourself:
"If grandfather could see me to-day he would see that I have remembered what he said to me on my birthday so

Grandfather walked slowly across the mendows towards the house. Felix looked after him for a few moments, and then turned again to his lettering on the elm.

"I know exactly what he means," he while I'm a boy, too, I've often heard make a good man. Yes, yes, yes, I nets.

must do it, for my name is up there and it will stay and stay, no matter where I go, and if I don't keep fair and bonest and true all the time. I shall be ashamed ever to come back here and see it. -Sidney Dayre, in N. Y. Observer.

HOW BIG GUNS ARE BORED.

Interesting Processes in the Manufactur of Breech-Loading tannon. At last the cannon is turned down, and is ready to be bored inside. In operation it must be bored so straight and true that the boring tool, entering at the exact center of the small end of the cannon, will come out precisely at the center of the large end, seventeen feet away. Those of you who have tried to bore a straight hol lengthwise through even a short bit of wood will know that this work requires ot a little skill and care.

When any of you boys have a job of boring to do at your work-bench, you make fast the article to be bored and turn the boring tool. It is just the other way in boring a cannon. The bor-ing tool, or "bit," is held firm and motionless, while the great mass of steel to be bored turns around. This plan is found to insure steadiness of the "bit." It would be almost impossible to make this bit firm and solid enough to do its difficult work, and yet free to turn around in the cannon. So if you had been at the side of this gun-lath when the work was begun you would have seen that the bit was motionless except for a slow advance into the

The bit attends strictly to business and steadily bores its way through the steel. Most of you have been to the country and have seen a 'pig 'rooting" in the ground. Imagine, then, the pig to be standing still and the ground to be slowly passing under the pig's snout and being "rooted," and you will have a case much like that of the bit and the cannon. In fact, the boring tool is called a "hog-nosed" bit, and it roots up that cannon as if it enjoyed the operation. No long, graceful curls ome from this boring, but small, crisp shavings that are removed as fast as they accumulate in order that the bor ing tool's work shall not be interfered with. The bit is going into the steel at the rate of three-eighths of an inch for every turn of the cannon, and it is making a round hole almost large nough for a boy to put his head infive and three-quarter inches in diameter. As the round hole grows deeper, the heavy bar, on which the bit is fastened, advances into the cannon steadily, noved by a number of wheels and screw

that form part of the lathe. I must not lose sight of the shavings, the little ones that come from the inside, and the long, spirally twisted ones that are turned from the outside of the A military-looking standing near the lathe, does not lose ight of these shavings or trimmings, either. This man's business is to care fully inspect the borings and mings. That is what he is paid to do. Uncle Sam pays him, and he expects him to earn his salary. The cannon is being made for Uucle Sam, and he intends to find out all its qualities, whether good or bad. So the man eyes the borings carefully. Now, if with a plane, or your knife-blade, you will cut a thin shaving from a bit of wood, it will show any little flaw existing in the wood from which it was sliced. The tiniest knot-hole or crack will show in the shaving much more plainly than in the wood itself. So it is with a cannon's shaving. It is a dreadful tell-tale, and the fault-finding man beside the gun knows this perfectly weil. He exam ines the spiral turning, or the little piece of boring, and finds no evidence of a flaw or crack. The long spiral strip is as smooth as glass and as

glossy as your sister's curls. Into the solid steel the hog-nosed bit roots its way until it is in so far that a little electric light must bear it company, to show the workmen how matters are progressing in the heart of the After eighteen days of steady boring, the bit lets daylight into the date in the bark of a tree. You can not borre of the cannon by emerging at the pass through life without making marks of the cannon by emerging at the pass through must last through all eternity."

"Will this last nonger than the name and borre of the cannon by emerging at the pass through life without making marks other (or larger) end, seventeen feet which must last through all eternity."

The True Story of a Smart Dog.

One afternoon a group of little children were playing on a pier which ran While engaged in a game of romps one of the boys stepped back and fell into the water. His little friends could render him no aid, and cried loudly for

assistance. But no one came As he was sinking for the third time, however, a noble Newfoundland dog rushed down the pier, jumped into the water, and pulled the little boy out.

The children now divided into two bands. One was to take the rescued other sweets until he could eat no

more. The next afternoon the same group see your name on the tree. If you live The brave dog came trotting down to them with many friendly wags and

nods. The children stroked and petted him they give me nothing to eat?" the dog pointed to some white stones in the dis-asked himself. "Ah. I see! it is be cause I have pulled no little child out

Upon this he went up to a little girl

Of course he was treated to cakes and But on the next day the children were forbidden to play on the pier, so he had no further chance to earn his supper by rescuing a child from the water. Was he not a smart dog?-

-Curious and ingenious are some of the Chinese contrivances for catching fish. In Swatow is used a shallow boat, on one side of which is a narrow plank painted white, which in the moonlight the fish mistake for water and jump over it into the boat. At said to himself, "he means that I must do my very best all the time. Now, trained to fish; while at Ichang a wild animal such as the otter is trained, not him say that it takes a good boy to to fish, but to frighten the fish into

Jennio S. Judson, in Our Little Ones.

Whether on pleasure bent or business, should take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness.

For sale in 50c and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

A DANDELION which has grown to th top of a ten-foot pole is the product of a New Haven truck patch.

You can't help liking them, they are so very mall and their action is so perfect. One rose. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try th

MARYLAND expects to produce 10,000, 00 bushels of oysters this year. BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent smi

F. Jacobs Oi DIRECTIONS with each BOTTLE, FOR BURNS and SCALDS.

A Haby Burned.
Asstad, Minn, Sept. 29, 1888.
Our haby—1½ years old—burned her hand
on a hot stove and we put \$1, Jacobs Oil on it.
It took the pain all out, at once; siter putting
it on 2 or 3 times it was all circled up.
C. P. STAVE and Family.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Ballimors, Md. SEND

Peterson_'s Magazine

The Best and Cheapest of the Lady's-Books.

It is without a rival in the excellence of its stories and novelets, the beauty of its illustra-tions, the completeness of its fashion and work-table departments, and the helpfulness of its many miscellaneous articles. It num-bers among its contributors some of our best-room authors. Eight novelets, nearly one hundred short stories, sketches of travel, history, biography, etc., articles on home dressmaking, the care of the sick, and household management, nu mer-ous designs for needlework, embroidery, knit-

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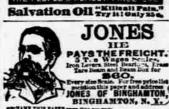
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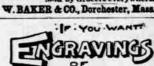
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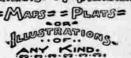
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